

SEASONABLE
ADMONITIONS.

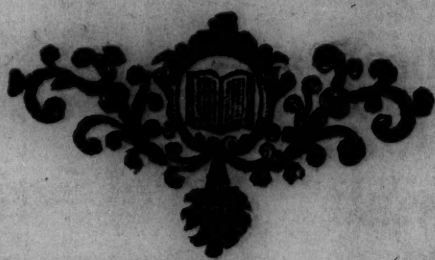
A

SATIRE.

Most humbly Address'd to

The Right Honourable *****.

Disce, nec invidias —————
Perseus, Sat. iii.



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. ROBERTS, at the *Oxford-Arms* in
Warwick-lane. 1740.

(Price One Shilling.)

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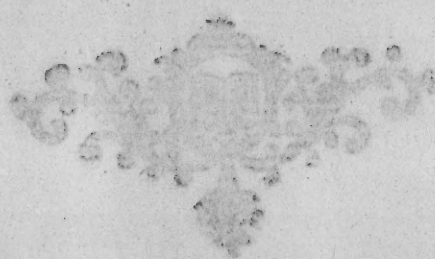
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 Atire's my verse ; *my Lord*, a friendly ear,
 And favour what your manners cannot fear.
 From *satire virtue* vindicates your name,
 And sets you in the fairest book of fame.
 Whose glory dazzles in the *golden mean*, 5
 And shews a *Nobleman* without a stain ;
 Reflecting honour back upon his blood,
 Whose *smallest* praise is that of doing good.

But why to *satire* so perversely prone ?
 And are your manners free from faults alone ? 10

B

Some

Some few I have, but such as none offend ;
 Traduce no foe, nor flatter any friend.

Legions of foes your *satire* soon will raise,
 For all will hate you, tho' they give you praise.
 Age after age *incorrigible* sins, 15
 And *satire* wounds no more than *crooked pins*.
 So drop the lash ; some other subject chuse,
 And in the sylvan scenes awake the *Muse*.

All other themes are quite exhausted now ;
 And *peccant* times this only will allow. 20

Yet wrest it not from our immortal POPE,
 But rather study *metaphors* and *trope*.
 In *panegyrics* sing Sir ROBERT's praise ;
 And good Sir ROBERT will your fortune raise.
 Do any thing, so you but *satire* quit, 25
 And leave the sting to POPE and WHITEHEAD's wit ;
 Whose *manners* point 'em out the fittest men
 To *sting* with all the *venom* of the pen.

Sacred be WALPOLE, sacred *half* his friends,
 Whom virtue honours, and whom fame commends ;
 Whom *envy* blackens, *prejudice* arraigns, 31
 On whom detraction throws a world of stains :
 Enough, if virtue but approves my song,
 And helps it with her smiles to flow along.

Satire's a debt that public vice commands, 35
 Till the *receipt's* in full of all demands ;

Till



Till *virtue* all depravity reclaims,
 And better deeds anticipate our aims.
 Yet as the *guardians* of the public laws
 Shou'd ne'er be partial in the smallest cause ; 40
 So honest *satire* never shou'd offend,
 Where *truth* and *honour* bid it to commend ;
 Partial to none, shou'd scour the city round,
 Spare where it can, but where it cannot, wound.

Brim-full of spleen ! and with malignant eyes ! 45
 But what is *truth* and *honour*, *envy* cries ?
 Shine they at *court* ? the *senate* ? or the *bar* ?
 Or glitter in his *Lordship's* blazing *star* ?

Silence, thou *meagre hag* ! thou noxious fiend !
 Light never can illuminate the blind. 50
 Thy malice drop, and clear thy tainted sight ;
 And *truth* and *honour* shall display their light ;
 At *court*, at *bar*, and in the *senate* gleam,
 In DORSET dazzle, and in HARDWICK beam ;
 In ONSLOW blaze ; in sapient BLADEN charm ; 55
 Stream forth from PELHAM, and the bosom warm ;
 In piercing WINNINGTON conspicuous shine :
 Whose *manners* all their beauties well define.
 So POPE and WHITEHEAD sound a COBHAM's praise,
 So unto STANHOPE sweet encomiums raise ; 60
 So sooth a WYNDHAM's, so a PULTNEY's ear ;
 So make 'em to their country good and dear ;
 In action honest, and in virtue bold,
 And far above the prevalence of *gold* ;
 On whom, *melodious* YOUNGE ! diffuse thy grace, 65
 And *qualify* 'em for the *statesman's* place.

On,

On, on my *muse* ! soft numbers still increase !
 Nor let thy *panegyric* ever cease !
 Taught by the *British Homer*, sweetly sing,
 And prove a *SOLON* shines in *Albion's King*. 70
 Array'd with all that's virtuous, brave and wise,
 Fair as the brightest constellations rise,
 Paint *royal GEORGE*, with all that's noble crown'd !
 And make that All with mercy to abound !

Shall *POPE* alone have liberty to praise ? 75
POPE all the softest *panegyrics* raise ?
 And we not equal freedom to commend
 The talents that adorn a worthy friend ?
 Not so th' impartial laws of nature teach ;
 Not so the *doctors* from the pulpit preach ; 80
 Not so the *lights* and *guardians* of the state :
 Live panegyric then, and circulate !
 Yet blush, my *Muse* ! this *incense* to bestow
 On any, where no blooming virtues blow.

Return ! O quick return ! *sweet golden age*, 85
 Whose *chastity* adorn'd the public stage ;
 Where virtue, honour, truth, and justice reign'd ;
 And men by merit all preferment gain'd.
 Revolve ! *Saturnian times*, revolve anew !
 And on your wings bring back ambrosial dew ! 90
 Whose glory not in pomp, but *manners* shon,
 And all distinction god-like virtue won.
 So shall the *muse* awake the rural strain,
 And tune their copious blessings o'er again ;

Restore

Restore the joys of *Eden*, lost so long, 95
And with its beauties bloom the tuneful song.

Fain wou'd I check the satire of my muse,
With *softer* themes the *beauteous fair* amuse,
With warbling music sooth their ravish'd love,
And make 'em nobler than the *dame* of *Jove* ; 100
More charming than the smiling *queen* of bliss,
And fill with *Nectar* ev'ry balmy kiss,
But cannot for the crimes of daring men,
Who still provoke the scourges of my pen.

Ye bitter *miscreants* ! of *Envy's brood*, 105
Who counts your merits by the thirst of blood,
Still heighten *faction*, still *sedition* raise,
Still most defame where most ye ought to praise,
Still paint *rebellion* in the love of kings,
Still forward *evil fame* with *fleeter* wings, 110
Still with a world of fraud and specious art
Inshrowd the *latent* mischief of the heart,
The rays of light shall dart it all away,
And thro' the *varnish* all the man display.

Peace ! peace *Erinnys* ! drop thy hissing snakes !
Quench all thy *torches* in the *Stygian* lakes ! 116
Blunt all the poignance of thy deadly stings !
And soften all the *gall* from *discord* springs !
Or spread destruction round the realms of *Spain*,
And pour perdition upon *France* amain ! 120
Till That before our dreadful thunder bends,
And This the *balance* of the world suspends.

But see! already see our *cannons* play!
Port-Bello smoke! *Spain* trembling with dismay!
France in her gloomy politics distressed! 125
 And *Britain* with a gleam of conquest blest!
 Hail, glorious VERNON! honour'd be thy name!
 Thy virtue crown'd! immortal be thy fame!
 Yet, on my friend! thy glory still pursue
 Till ev'ry *injur'd Briton* has his *due*! 130
 But O, let *caution* guard thy noble soul!
 And *circumspection* dictate o'er the bowl!

Thou too, *great Fortune*! whose imperial sway
 The pride of *kings* and *empires* must obey;
 O prone to change! O various as the wind! 135
 Severe to me, when to another kind!
 Whose smiles are joyous, terrible thy frowns;
 The fear of kingdoms, and the dread of crowns;
 Whom dire necessity impels amain,
 With desolation in her brazen train; 140
 Swords, racks and wheels come flowing on in tides,
 And *sly* ambition full of splendid bribes;
 On *noble* VERNON, still propitious smile,
 And vindicate the glories of our isle!

Instructive satire! most severely kind! 145
 True friend to all that ben't to *virtue* blind;
 Still whet thy wit, and give it edge to bite,
 And even scribble in *Apollo's* spite.

When *Phaetons* to be statesmen still aspire,
 And burn to set the world again on fire; 150
 When

When sinners go to church but out of pride,
 Converse with God, but *Satan* make their guide ;
 When *dull mechanics* imitate the great,
 Defraud the public for a rural feat ;
 When *pimps* and *coxcombs* figure out his grace, 155
 And half the world betrays a *double* face ;
 When vice on *starving merit* daily feeds,
 And virtue for the want of *patrons* bleeds ;
 When *spirit's* banish'd from the public stage,
 And *foreign* luxury destroys the age ; 160
 When *rakes* turn satyrists, all worth defame,
 And scribble but to set the world on flame ;
 When men grow *monsters* in venereal crimes,
 And such the *harvest* of pacific times ;
 What thinking soul can slumber o'er the quill, 165
 Tho damn'd by all the town for writing ill ?

O that my genius was but nobly strong !
 That *Juvenal's* inspir'd the rapid song !
 Or that the wit of *Horace* fir'd my lays,
 Who makes the desp'rate passers while he plays ! 170
 In ev'ry verse a *fop*, or *knave* shou'd fall,
 And *critics*, who with *dulness* polish all.
 Who but must burst to hear the former prate ?
 The latter judging *ministers* of state ?
 Down, down ye dunces ! sink before the rod ; 175
 Just *satire* is the *vengeance* of your god.

Such swarms of *coxcombs* flash before my sight,
 Like *Cynthia*, shining but with borrow'd light,
 Whose wit's the offspring of the poet's spleen,
 Grown sick of all the vice he cannot screen ; 180
 Brush

Brush 'em, my *Muse* ! to grace the drawing-room,
Where folly ever flourishes in bloom.

Room for the *pedant* to display his pride !
And over virtue let the *puppy* stride !
Tho' much he prates, sagacious seem his looks, 185
His learning's but the scum of paltry books.

What vanity in emulation reigns !
How small its beauties ! but how great its stains !
Go lay out half thy fortune in thy dress,
And all thy wisdom in a *mode* express : 190
Out-spend his *Lordship* in a costly feast,
And live profusely but to die a *beast* :
So fools precipitate their own distress,
Make that their bane, which heaven gave to bless.

Thus form thy manners from the man of state,
And all his vices proudly emulate ; 196
But let his virtues shine in him alone,
And only emulate to be undone.
What's praise in him, turns to contempt in thee ;
And ruin flows from men of high degree. 200

Of rancour full, implacable in hate,
How *TOLMO* scribbles to distress the state !
Whose *only* wit and glory is to rail,
And for the penny *scandal* to retail.

Of all the plagues with which mankind is curst,
Pride, envy, and ill-nature are the worst. 206

Pride

Pride looks on all beneath itself with scorn,
 And deems itself for adoration born,
 Until it sinks into the lowest shame,
 And with a world of stains pollutes its name. 210
 Envy beholds the world with tainted eyes,
 And never smiles on merit till it dies.
 Ill-nature still betrays a greater shame,
 That winks, or sneers away the purest fame.

These so inflame the passions of the mind, 215
 Man to himself is ever most unkind.
 Tho' blest'd with all conducive to his ease,
 Beauty to charm, sweet melody to please,
 A calm retreat to visit when he will,
 Health not impair'd by any nauseous pill, 220
 Fortune to play with, books to give delight,
 And social friends to feast away the night;
 Yet ravish'd with the love of fleeting fame,
 Or splendid title, to adorn his name,
 All dangers he encounters to be great, 225
 Till wisdom whispers all is but a cheat;
 That all he seeks in *sober* virtue lies,
 Which hence exalts him to his native skies;
 On earth, tho' in the *lowest cottage* plac'd,
 Is with the fairest honours nobly grac'd. 230
 Then barter present bliss for future pain,
 And never more restore thy peace again.

But what so great? so noble as his Grace?
 Tho' but a cypher in the highest place?
 Then fate thy passion, live to pride a tool, 235
 And blaze awhile, to die the greater fool.

D

But

But what is virtue in these sinful days?

That debt which ev'ry man of honour pays.
 First to his country; unto which he owes
 That stream of plenty, which from riches flows;
 Next to the chearful soul, who warms the heart 241
 With truth, that honest friendship dares impart;
 Next unto trade, whose fruit the first contains,
 Since public blessings are but private gains.
 Such virtue is; yet such is but a part, 245
 Whose whole is love and purity of heart;
 In whose idea centers all that's good,
 And all that by religion's understood.

Still might we beat the radiant circle round,
 Still make it with celestial charms abound; 250
 In its extensive bounty to embrace
 All that deserves esteem in human race;
 Did not the powder'd beau, ne'er to be read,
 Whose virtues in his ancestors are dead,
 Still rush upon me, and demand the lash, 255
 Whose flowing eloquence is perfect trash;
 Yet each believes he well deserves a place,
 With vices only fit to give it grace.
 So *Cyprean Venus* rushes from the grove,
 And brings *contagion* in the joys of love. 260

When truth's defam'd, religion but a joke,
 And half the sacred ties of honour broke,
 What iron fides from fatigue can refrain,
 Altho' we scourge an impious age in vain?

Help,

Help, *sacred* YOUNG! O help to point the dart!
 To hide it in the *renegado's* heart; 266
 Help too, ye *rev'rend fathers*! lend your aid,
 Till the full tribute is to heaven paid!

Satire! truth's best and never-failing friend!
 Some useful *ethics* with thy scourges blend! 270
 O had I but the force of YOUNG divine!
 How shou'd religion charm in ev'ry line!
 This first from *Chaos* and confusion sprung,
 In praise of GOD seraphic music strung.
 All order and distinction center here, 275
 * Which all but *fools* and *madmen* still revere.
 But break their bounds, and *anarchy* amain
 Will deluge all the savage world again.

What vices are not unto prayers brought?
 Where piety shou'd warm the purest thought. 280
 Blush, sinners, blush! reform before you pray!
 Nor mock your GOD to throw your souls away.

Yet full of sacred flame, see MURRAY fir'd!
 And with the tongue of *Cicero* inspir'd!
 In action graceful, and in spirit bold, 285
 And far above the influence of gold,
 Tenacious of the rules of *Themis*, shines,
 And the great genius of the bar refines:

* Hujus autem otiosæ dignitatis hæc fundamenta sunt, hæc membra, quæ tuenda principibus, & vel capitis periculo defendenda sunt; religiones, auspicia, potestates magistratuum, senatus auctoritas, leges, mos majorum, judicia, jurisdictio, fides, provinciæ, socii, imperii laus, res militaris, ærarium.

Tully Orat. pro Sext.

Whose

Whose virtues, if my *stars* presage aright,
 Shall on the law diffuse a fairer light. 290

Such motley scenes of vice we often see
 As flock the soul in men of high degree;
 Which all beneath 'em imitate with pride,
 Until they're lost in folly's rapid tide.

All more than wives adore a flaunting miss, 295
 The feast of pleasure, and the flood of bliss!
 Tho' beam'd with dignity SOPHRONIA shines
 With ev'ry grace and charm the soul refines,
 His *Lordship* with VENETIA dines and sups,
 And sips his *poison* from her silver cups; 300
 Brings home the raptures of a dying flame,
 To get a *puny* son to blast his name.

Such discontent in ev'ry station reigns,
 No bliss appears but what our fancy feigns;
 All happiness on earth is but a dream, 305
 That does not from the love of virtue stream.
 The thirst of honour, and the love of fame,
 Still swells in all, and is in all the same;
 The darling passion of the female soul
 Is to be great, and live without controul. 310

Sole sov'reign of the arbitrary mind,
 Soft as forgiving mercy, and as kind;
 With smiles that charm, bright eyes that kindle fire;
 With beauty, that e'en *angels* might admire;
 With breath more fragrant than the roses blow; 315
 With downy breasts, more white than falling snow;
 With

With voice like music to the ravish'd sense ;
 With all the soothing pow'rs of eloquence ;
 With wit that might the dullest genius raise ;
 With all that's worthy of *seraphic* praise ; 320
 With all that feeds the breast with warm desires ;
 And the sweet thoughts of pleasing joys inspires ;
 Fair DELIA blooms, celestial DELIA shines !
 Yet all the hopes of mutual bliss declines ;
 Whose pride no merit can induce to wed, 325
 Unless the man of honour mounts the bed.
 But what is honour, *lovely* DELIA ! say,
 But the bright beam of virtue's purer ray ?
 Cease, charmer, then, to think thy fate severe !
 Nor honour, without virtue, thus revere ! 330
 Know that the bitter source of nuptial war
 Lurks in the *noble garter* and *the star*.
 On the fair regions of the verdant plains,
 Where peace and sweet content in union reigns,
 Free from delusion, sophistry, and wiles, 335
 And all the rhetoric that love beguiles,
 Turn, charming DELIA ! turn those brilliant eyes !
 Where all thy happiness in *virtue* lies :
 There it erects its *throne* of solid joy,
 Replete with pleasures that can never cloy. 340
 Unlike the transient blisses of a court,
 The monarch's caprice, fickle fortune's sport ;
Who often gives his favours with disdain,
This in a moment whirls 'em back again.
 O sacred solitude ! profusely blest
 With healing comfort, and pacific rest !

With voice like music to the ravell'd sense;
 With all the soothing powers of eloquence;
 With wit that might the dullest genius raise;
 With all that's worthy of seraphic praise;
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